

OUR HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

A COLUMN DEVOTED TO THE HOME.

GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

Now, father I would like to know what you intend to do;
Why don't you let me have a chance to earn some money, too?
If things go on as they are now, I'll labor all my life,
And never own a foot of land or a place to keep a wife.
The crops were never better and the fruit is stowed away,
And I think it no more than right that I should share the pay,
Or I will be compelled to go a little further west,
And hunt me up a pretty maid and build for her a nest.

CHORUS:

Give the boy a chance. Give the boy a chance;
I think it no more than right to give the boy a chance,
For his home will be a shelter when our locks are thin and gray
And blessings will attend us when at last we pass away.

There's time enough to speculate upon your plans for life,
The hair just sprouting on your face and talk about a wife;
The height of your ambition seems to be to cut a swell,
I'm very sure you get your share of what there is to sell.
It takes a little fortune to supply your food and clothes,
And that is not the only way in which the money goes,
Instead of running with the girls to every show and dance
Roll up your sleeves and go to work and you will find a chance.

CHORUS—Give the boy a chance, etc.

Don't be so hard upon the boy, he is our only son;
I am sure the work he has to do is always gladly done;
He may have his faults, but you may search the world around
I don't believe a better boy can anywhere be found.
Then give him some encouragement before it is too late,
And build for him a dwelling place to bring his chosen mate;
For his home will be a shelter when our locks are thin and gray,
And blessings will attend us when at last we pass away.

CHORUS—Give the boy a chance, etc.

TALKING.

Milton complained of his wife that she did not talk to him enough. Three hundred years have wrought a change. In these days men usually complain that women talk too much. When Mathew Arnold visited an American woman with more zeal than discretion asked him:

"Mr. Arnold will you tell me what is the most novel impression you have received in the United States?"

"Certainly, madam," he replied with perfect English gravity. "The women do all the talking."

So we improve upon Mrs. Milton and her silence, if it is an improvement.

But if Mrs. Milton was amusing enough to please her lord and master, it may be doubted whether Milton himself was a model for young husbands. Wordsworth wrote of Milton: "Thy soul has accepted the interpretation of the earlier poet by the later one. Now 'apartness' is not a highly domestic virtue." Most wives want husbands that know how to live with them, rather than apart from them. Furthermore, it does not appear that the other line of Wordsworth's praise is well justified by the facts. If Milton's heart "the lowliest duties on himself did lay," he probably sought those duties in the office of the Latin secretary rather than in his own household. Poets are likely to be preoccupied at home.

We need not caution the girls of the twentieth century against marrying poets so scarce have they become. But if one should appear and select a wife from the daughters of America, she will not make Mrs. Milton's mistake of talking too little. There are some women who do not chatter all the time, but they are so few and far between that to meet one is like encountering a refreshing shower after a long hot day.

THE GREATEST OF ALL YEARS.

The crop forecast from every section of the United States show this to be the greatest of all years from an agricultural standpoint. Farm products to the value of eight billions seem to be a conservative estimate for the year.

Everything in the printing line at the Register office.

STARCH FOR CLOTHES.

Starch for dark tan and blue dresses and for all black lawns should be thoroughly boiled with a cup of clear coffee added also a lump of white wax which prevents starch from sticking. It is best to iron ruffles and the like on the wrong side, for after, the starch adheres in these tiny wrinkles and is white on surface. Iron all red goods on the wrong side. It darkens when ironed, but soon resumes its natural color when exposed to the light and air. A sun-bonnet should be starched with flour starch on all but the ruffles and skirt portion. When dry, dip into clear starch, cold, ring and roll into a towel. Iron ruffles and skirt portion first: then the heavier portion first on the wrong side then the right. Dampen with a cloth, iron with a polishing iron to get a gloss. Dampen the heading, if there is a drawstring, to free the string from the material.

TOMATOES AND EGGS.

Well butter a pudding dish. Peel and cut into slices one and a half pounds of tomatoes; lay them in the pudding dish with salt and pepper; place a few pieces of butter on the top. Bake in the oven until half done. Take the dish out and break sufficient eggs to cover over, taking care the yolks are not broken. Put a few more pieces of butter on the top; replace in the oven until the eggs are set. This makes a very appetizing breakfast dish.

FOLLOWED BY HIS PETS.

The body of George Penn, a London dog fancier, was followed to the grave by four fine bull terriers. They wore black coats, on which were the words in white letters: "Following our master to his last resting place."

Voluble Lady—Do you want to see me again, Doctor?

The Doctor—I don't want to, but it's business.

The hearts of the people are the only legitimate foundation of empire.

—Chinese Proverb.

What is a bogey at your golf club? The dunes.

Look at the label on your paper.

THE SLY FOX.

Dead in the Dairy, but Lively When He Got Outside.

Several years ago at an old fashioned farmhouse called Tittle Hall, in Bosted, a small village lying between Sudbury and Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England, there lived a farmer and his wife who thought much of their cows and dairy, but they were rather pestered with foxes, as the squire of Bosted Hall, an ancient mansion, being lord of the manor, did not allow them to be molested, as they were reserved for sporting, and so it happened that the farmer's wife on going into her dairy one morning was horrified to see a fox of an enormous size lying dead, as she supposed, on the floor. The dairies at that time were large and airy, with large lattice windows and floors paved with clinker bricks, which were often scrubbed down with a birch broom and much water. A brick was left out of the wall level with the floor for a sink hole, where all the refuse was washed out. The fox in his nightly prowls around the house appears to have scented the cream through the windows or sink hole and, as he would like to taste it, squeezed himself through the hole into the dairy and made his way to the cream pot, and it was so very nice he ate it all up. He swelled himself up to such a size that he could by no means get back through the hole again, and, hearing footsteps coming, he lay down on the floor and feigned to be dead. The lady, suspecting what he had been doing, looked into her cream pot, and, finding it all gone, she was so exasperated that she took him up in a rage, thinking he was dead, and with an ugly word threw him out into the back yard; but, to her great consternation and dismay, as soon as Reynard found he was at large and once more free to use his legs he bounded off at full speed, leaving the lady to grieve over the escape of the audacious and crafty thief.

Flower Trade of the Scilly Isles.

The Scilly isles, five in all, lie out in the Atlantic forty miles off the Cornish coast. The development of their flower trade has changed them from poverty stricken spots into islands of the blessed. Not many years ago the inhabitants eked out a precarious and scanty living by potato culture, but one day a man of wise forethought named Trevelick came to the conclusion that flowers would bring a richer harvest. He could see them growing riotously in the little gardens, and he collected a few bulbs here and a few there until he had enough to start business with, and the first consignment he sent to Covent gardens brought prices that are now spoken of with something like reverence. With the passing of the years flower culture has settled into a well organized trade, providing occupation for everybody who wants to work on the islands. From a Tarring (England) Letter to New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Explanation Called For.

Alfred (whose sporting opportunities have been limited by parental decree)—Papa, what does it mean by base on balls?

Papa (who is reading an account of the latest heavyweight fight)—Alfred, you could better employ yourself with your Sunday school lesson. I'm too busy now to explain.

Alfred (still thirsting for knowledge)—Did it mean the same as base on balls when you telephoned last night that as mamma was away you were going out on a bat?

Mamma (who is always listening)—Benjamin Ridgely, you will take time right now to make two explanations, with the most important one coming to me.—Exchange.

Flogging the Bridegroom.

The singular custom of the bridegroom being flogged by the relations of the bride on the marriage day still obtains among at least three peoples of the world—in the extreme northeast of Siberia, in Borneo and among some of the Arab tribes of the Nubian desert. In all three cases the idea seems to be that the bridegroom in order to prove himself "a man" must be able to undergo a considerable amount of physical suffering without flinching.

Not Quite Certain.

"How many children have you?" said the tourist affably.

"I dunno exactly," answered the tired looking woman.

"You don't know?"

"Not for certain. Willie's gone fishin', Tommy's breakin' in a colt, George's borrowed his father's shotgun to go huntin' an' Esmeralda Ann is thinkin' of elopin'. I never know how many I've got till supper time comes, so's I can count 'em."—Washington Star.

DRUDGERY OF MUSIC.

Joachim Practiced One Composition For Over Sixty Years.

When an interviewer, who had put to Kubelik a question as to the number of hours a day he practiced, was answered, "Practically all my waking hours," it is probable that the interrogator, as well as others who heard the reply, thought the response a bit of artistic exaggeration. Yet there is much evidence to sustain Kubelik's assertion.

Paganini, the greatest of all violinists, was compelled by an avaricious father to practice twelve or fourteen hours each day. So wearied did Paganini become of his drudgery that for several years he actually laid aside the instrument over which he had such consummate control and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. This period of musical disgust soon passed, however, and the violinist again turned to his hard work, and to such good purpose that there was nothing written for the violin, no matter what its technical difficulties might be, that he was not able to play. Late in his life Paganini gave over his practicing, for the reason, it is said, that he then played only his own compositions.

A saying of Rubinstein's indicates concisely the importance of unwearied practice, "Should I not practice for a day I know it, should I miss two days my friends know it, and should I miss three days even the public knows it."

Joachim, another violinist, during his student days was an inmate of the house of his master, and it was largely due to the inexorable demands to practice that the teacher laid on him that Joachim was enabled to attain his proud position. The room wherein the pupil practiced was without any window, but had a glass panel in the door. If the sound of Joachim's violin ceased for a moment during the hours set apart for practice, then could be seen the scowling face of the instructor peering through the panel. Joachim practiced one composition—the difficult Beethoven concerto—for over sixty years.

Mendelssohn has left an interesting observation touching his arduous hours of practice. Speaking of certain recitals he was giving on the organ, he said: "I became so interested in my work that whole days passed like hours. I practiced pedal passages to such an extent that the act of walking along the street actually transformed itself into a fugue, so automatic had my movements become."

With regard to his practicing Paderewski entertains some odd notions, one of which is a penchant for a nocturnal running of the scales. The great Pole has been known to spend the whole night in achieving perfection in one or two runs of a composition he is studying.

Paderewski has said that the greatest foe a musician has to fight is the feeling of satiety that is sure to oppress him should his work be not well apportioned. Each season the Pole finds that he must acquire some twenty to thirty new compositions. So hard does he work at these that at the conclusion of his short tour he cannot endure to hear a single bar of any of them. Like many other musicians, he is saved from inaction only by the acquisition of novelties.—New York Tribune.

Coats of Arms.

The origin of the term "coats of arms" is thus explained: In the days of chivalry the knights, of course, wore coats of linked steel or some kind of armor to protect them in battle or tourney. These coats would soon become useless on account of the rusting caused by exposure to drenching rains, and in the sunlight they were exceedingly hot and dazzling. So the knights put on a silken surcoat over these coats of mail, and as, with helmets on and visors closed, there was no way of distinguishing one from another the armorial bearings of each knight were emblazoned on his silken surcoat, which thus became a "coat of arms." The practice was then extended to the trappings of the horse and afterward to the articles of the household, as the linen and plate.

King Canute's Church.

Canewdon is a small Essex village which once held an important place in the making of England. It was here that Canute and his Danes won that decisive victory over Edmund Ironsides which gave the English crown to the Danish pirate. The conqueror named its rising ground "Canute's Down" (Canewdon), and gave the five manors comprising the parish to his son Sweyn. Embracing Christianity, Canute founded a church at Canewdon, and to this day Canewdon gives its name to a rural deanery which includes Southend, eight miles to the south.—Westminster Gazette.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

History of the Greek Art Treasures in the British Museum.

Thomas Bruce was descended from King Robert Bruce of Scotland and was only a child when he succeeded to the title of Lord Elgin. His preparatory studies were made at Harrow and at the Westminster school, and he then went to the Scotch university of St. Andrews. From here he went to Paris to study international law and then proceeded to Germany to learn military science.

This long and careful education to fit him for his high duties was then considered as completed, and Lord Elgin entered the army and rose to the rank of general. But his studies had developed a taste for diplomacy, and he left the army and went to Brussels as envoy, then to Berlin and finally, in 1799, to Constantinople as envoy extraordinary at the porte. At this court Lord Elgin remained for three years. During this period the idea suggested itself to him of getting possession of some of the treasures of Greek art at Athens to transport them to England.

At an expense of more than \$250,000 he was able to get many of the most beautiful and valuable of the original marbles of the Parthenon, the work of the great sculptor Phidias and his pupils.

The English nation bought this remarkable collection, paying the Earl of Elgin only \$180,000, so he practically contributed \$70,000 to the British museum, where these marbles were placed in a special apartment known as the Elgin room.

There was a great deal of bitter feeling when these were taken away from Athens, and the earl was called a "vandal" and almost a robber. Many English people deplored their removal, and Lord Byron was particularly sarcastic in the matter.

At the time these were taken from Athens the splendid ruins were being sadly neglected. Their removal created a desire in modern Athens to preserve her monuments, and since that time the Greek archaeological society has made every effort to guard and protect the precious remains of the glorious period of their country's history.

While there is a distinct loss in not seeing the Greek marbles in their original positions, it is certainly a privilege for the English people and visitors from all parts of the world to study them in the British museum and to have the valuable plaster casts of them which we have in our art museums.

The horses of the frieze in the Elgin collection are marvels of lightness and lifelike form. The veins on their faces and legs seem to be actually distended with the blood in circulation. They seem to move and to roll their eyes.

So long as there is a love for artistic work and a reverence for genius the Elgin marbles will be counted the chief treasures of the British museum.—Boston Globe.

Husband (after a quarrel with his wife)—Well, let us drop it. I don't care to have any words about it, and, besides, I like to talk to a sensible person when I am talking.

Wife (with a sarcastic laugh)—You don't always do it, then.

Husband—I don't?

Wife—No. I sometimes hear you talking to yourself. (And then the music struck up again.)—London Telegraph.

Do You Think For Yourself?

Or, do you open your mouth like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you?

Be an intelligent thinking woman. In need of relief from weakness, nervousness, pain and suffering, then it means much to you that there is one tried and true honest medicine or woman's composition sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills.

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible endorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of practice, are perfectly willing, and in fact, are only too glad to print, as they do, the formula, or list of ingredients, of which it is composed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper.

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts, for it contains no alcohol, narcotics, harmful, or habit-forming drugs, and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. These authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed medicine is advised.

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received, in the unqualified recommendation of each of its several ingredients by scores of leading medical men of all the schools of practice. Is such an endorsement not worthy of your consideration?

A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authoritative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. B. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

TO THE SAW MILL MEN

AND

THRESHERMEN OF W.VA.

The Geiser Mfg. Co., of Waynesboro, Pa., manufacture a complete line of highest grade Traction, Portable and Steam Engines and Boilers, Saw Mills, Grain Threshers, Clover Hullers, Gas and Gasoline Engines, Hay Presses, &c., in size to suit the requirement of the individual or custom operator.

"Peerless" traction engines are the best roadsters and hill climbers and, like our portable and stationary engines, deliver maximum power at minimum cost. Our traction and portable boilers are the locomotive pattern by which the greatest amount of water and steam space is secured. With our Stationary Engines we can furnish either locomotive or return tubular type boiler. All parts of our machinery are made to standard gauge with scrupulous regard for uniformity in workmanship, thereby making all parts interchangeable.

"Geiser" Saw Mills are the most complete and convenient, quick and accurate in their operation; simple in construction, not requiring a skilled mechanic to set them up. Our variable automatic friction feed is self contained, is independent of, and does not interfere with, the movement of the saw mandrel, a feature appreciated by all practical sawmill men. "Geiser" mills are light running and unsurpassed for accuracy and quantity of work done.



"New Peerless" and "Geiser" Threshers have no sieves or riddles to choke and clog and cause trouble and expense. They thresh clean out of the heads, separate clean from the straw, and by our Grain Plate and Roller System clean the grain perfectly

clean ready for seed or market, and save it, even the light oats which other machines blow over. Grain from our machine sells for one to three cents per bushel more because it is so perfectly cleaned.

"Geiser" Gas and Gasoline Engines are strictly high class, simple in construction, easily understood and operated, thoroughly reliable, economical and guaranteed to deliver their full rated power. They are ideal for farm and factory, and are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

The facilities of this most thoroughly equipped engine and thresher plant in the World are constantly employed to supply the demand for this standard machinery and to give our friends and patrons the very best machinery at most favorable prices, and upon easy terms.

The writer, who is well known to the trade, has engaged with this old and reliable company to handle their line in the Western part of this State. We solicit inquiries regarding our line of machinery. Write for catalogue and prices. It will cost you nothing to ascertain what we have to offer and our proposition. All inquiries addressed to the writer at 214 Capitol Street, Charleston, W. Va. will receive our prompt and careful attention.

Very truly yours,
W. W. THOMAS
June 2-2mo Charleston, W. Va.

HAVE YOU A FARM

or Town Property you wish to sell or Exchange? Do you want to buy a farm or Town Property? If so write us at once. . . .

SHIPLET & SOMERVILLE, PT. PLEASANT
jan. 1911 Real Estate Agency

J. F. BURDETT & CO.

Groceries,
Provisions,
Fruits,
Cigars and
Tobacco.

Fine line of Fruits and Candies in stock.

All orders given prompt attention Free delivery to all parts of the city.

J. F. Burdett & Co., Pt. Pleasant